

BOOK OF WORDS

THE PAGEANT OF DARIEN

THE PAGEANT
OF A RESIDENTIAL COMMUNITY

WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON
MASTER OF THE PAGEANT



WHERE GOODWIVES' RIVER
FLOWS INTO GORHAM'S POND, NEAR NOROTON
IN THE
TOWN OF DARIEN, CONNECTICUT
AUGUST 29 & 30 & SEPTEMBER 1. 1913

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1913
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C.C.D. 34387

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THE PAGEANT OF DARIEN

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WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON

Master of the Pageant

ARTHUR FARWELL

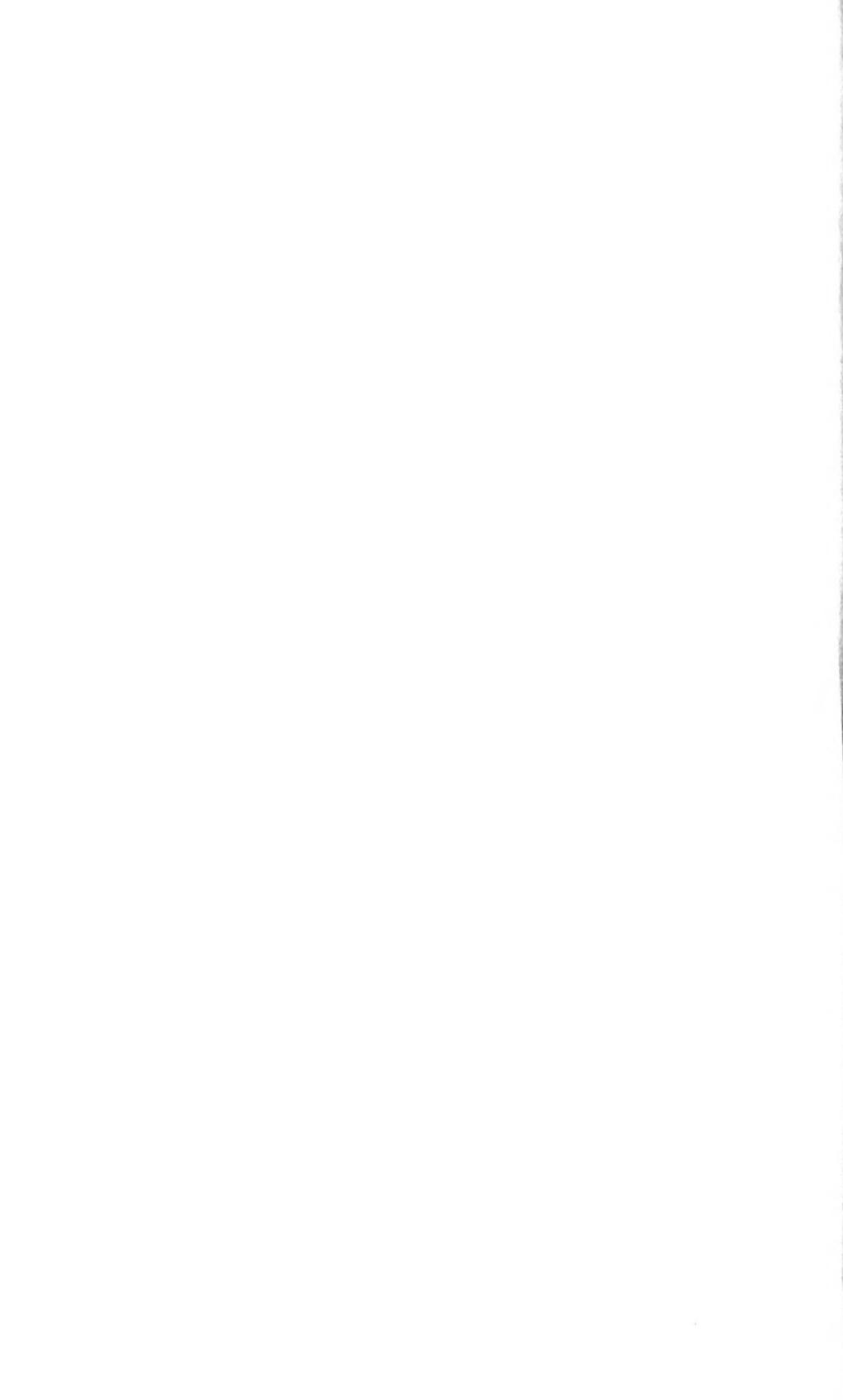
Composer and Director of the Music

MARION LANGDON

Director of the Costuming

BERTHA KNIGHT

Director of the Dancing



FOREWORD.

The Pageant of Darien is the drama of a residential community. Situated thirty-eight miles from New York City and thirty-five miles from New Haven, having neither manufacturing nor business and desiring none, Darien is distinctly a town of homes. It is a town of people who want to have a good, comfortable home, who most of them have to earn their living in the city but want to bring up their children in the country. The Pageant of Darien is a study in dramatic form of the history, life and problems of a small town within the home radius of a great metropolitan centre. What is home to a commuter? Is there any interest, beauty, inspiration in his hurried, to and fro existence? Of what nature was the country and village life that led up to the life of the suburban town of the present? The Pageant of Darien will depict the story of its development as a town. The episodes either reproduce actual events or characterize the life in the town at successive periods.

The pageant-grounds are located on the shore of Gorham's Pond, one of the beautiful inlets that make in from the Sound along the Connecticut shore. On these very grounds occurred many of the incidents enacted in the pageant. On the left of the audience is a wooded hill, from which the woods extend a large part of the way across the back of the pageant-field to the water where Goodwives' River empties into Gorham's Pond. Jutting out into the inlet at the right of the audience is a little point whereon is an old family graveyard of a hundred years ago. The field itself slopes down from the hill on the left to the water on the right.

The Pageant of Darien has been written and composed on the principle that both dramatically and musically the pageant is a distinct and individual art form, having its own laws and its own tech-

nique. All the elements of the Pageant of Darien,—the dramatic episodes, the orchestral and choral compositions, the costume designing, and the dramatic dancing,—have been worked together in accordance with these laws and technical considerations to produce, if may be, a beautiful and impressive picture of the life of this historic Connecticut town.

In presenting the historical material a certain freedom has been exercised for the sake of dramatic effectiveness. In many instances the language of the dialogue is in the actual words of the characters represented. It has, however, seemed inadvisable to indicate these passages by quotation marks on account of the frequent necessity for making slight changes, omissions or additions in the wording to suit the situation as represented. So also since the writing of the pageant-book, certain omissions have been deemed advisable for the performance which it has not seemed necessary to eliminate in this printed form of the pageant.

W. C. L.

THE PAGEANT OF DARIEN**INTRODUCTION: THE PLACE OF REST AND STRENGTH.**

EPISODE 1: The Men of Wethersfield	1641
EPISODE 2: The War with Norwalk	1670
EPISODE 3: The Mill at the Landing	1744

INTERLUDE I: THE CHANGING TIDE

EPISODE 4: The Raid on the Middlesex Church	1781
EPISODE 5: The Town of Darien	1820
EPISODE 6: The Coming of the Railroad	1849

INTERLUDE II: PRINCIPLE (1861-1865)

EPISODE 7: Just Home	1885
EPISODE 8: A Place in the Country	1905

INTERLUDE III: THE COMMUTER

EPISODE 9: The New Darien	1915
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FINALE: THE COMMUNITY HOME



THE MUSIC OF THE PAGEANT

ARTHUR FARWELL,
Composer and Director.

As a musical work the Pageant of Darien consists of the following dramatic scenes, all of which have been composed for orchestra and in part for solo and chorus voices:

INTRODUCTION: THE PLACE OF REST AND STRENGTH

- The Song of the Man
The Song of the Angels

INTERLUDE I: THE CHANGING TIDE

- The Indian's Chant

INTERLUDE II: PRINCIPAL**INTERLUDE III: THE COMMUTERS****FINALE: THE COMMUNITY HOME**

- The Call to the Generations
The Song of the People of Darien
America
The Recessional Song of Darien

In addition, as incident to the historic action in Episode 4: The Raid on the Middlesex Church, the old hymn, Norwalk, by Mather, is sung by the congregation in that episode.



THE PAGEANT OF DARIEN

INTRODUCTION THE PLACE OF REST AND STRENGTH

Trumpets and harps sound forth the chief motif of the pageant, the motif of the Angel of Rest and Strength. From out of the woods comes the Angel, alighting sword in hand a short ways out into the field. She is clothed in rose, and her wings are a deeper rose with the feathers tipped with gold. The Angel sweeps her sword out over the ground and then raises it high in command. From the woods come Forest Spirits, mostly in green, and from the inlet Water Spirits, mostly in blue. They bring with them at the behest of the Angel evergreen boughs which they pile before the Angel as a resting place, wood which they build into a fire, and water, some of which they pour out as a libation before the Angel and before the fire. Meantime Evil Spirits peer out from the woods inquisitively and watch the preparation. Again the Angel sweeps forth her sword over the place of rest and refreshening.

From the shore, between the grave-yard and the water, comes a Man, a pilgrim through the world. On his back he bears a large and heavy burden, under which he staggers along. Following him comes his wife, carrying one little child in her arms and leading another by the hand. Two other children trudge along after their parents. They plod along on their way, striving to attain to the Place of Rest and Strength where they see the Angel.

The Angel goes back into the forest, and the Spirits also retire back whence they came. But the Evil Spirits emerge and with concerted action start to divert and impede the Man's course, pointing him off in another direction, seizing him by the garments and dragging him

back, well nigh frustrating his efforts to make any progress. Finally from the grave-yard comes Death, shrouded in mouldy white, with other kindred beings, who attempt to draw the Man back or to take one or other of his dear ones from him. Persistently the Man, followed by his wife and terrified children staggers along amid the ejaculatory mutterings of the evil ones. At last beaten down to the ground and driven back almost as far as he had come, in the anguish of despair the Man gives voice to his yearning and determination.

THE SONG OF THE MAN.

Curse ye! Begone,
Evil forebodings.
My wearied children
Must reach yon refuge.
Dare not molest them,
Pestering imps!
Bar not our passage!
Still we go onward,
Spite all your malice!—yea, at length
Gain the Place of Rest and Strength!

The Evil Spirits laugh mockingly at the Man.

Heavenward the smoke wreathes!
Fragrant the fir!
Behold the cool water
Awaiting us there!
Bright Angels bless the longed-for place,
And gentle Spirits dwell around!
For there I saw
A radiant Angel
Bidding us hasten,
Bring our dear children there!
Then on! Still on! On! At length
Our goal we reach,—the Place of Rest and Strength!

Death makes a sudden attack and seizes one of the children. The mother and the Man in despair grapple with Death to wrest the child from him.

Angel! Glorious one! Return!
Stretch forth thy sword! Save, save our child.
From Death oh bring us safe at length
To that fair Place of Rest and Strength!

Again to the sound of trumpets and harps the Angel comes forth from the depths of the forest. With a sweep of her sword she commands the Evil Spirits to desist. They fall back to the two sides, Death alone still pursuing the Man a little ways as he now more steadily makes his way up toward the place of rest and refreshening. Then Death, too, retires back to his graves.

Reaching the place the Man sinks on one knee before the Angel. At the touch of her sword the Man drops his burden to the ground. The Man and the Woman pour water on each other's hands and wrists, and give the children to drink. Then all lie down on the ever-green boughs before the fire, the Man and the Woman pillowing their heads on the burden. They fall asleep.

The Angel raises her arms and her sword over the sleeping family. From the woods and from the water again come the kindly Spirits waving green branches and wafting breezes over them. Then last at the summons of the Angel from the depths of the forest come a number of Angels, who alight and stand guard over the family as they sleep. The music, in which the voices of the Angels and Spirits blend, dazzlingly brilliant, surpassingly majestic, expresses the increasing strength the Man and his family are gaining, finally reaching a climax of power, with which the Man and his family awaken.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

Peace and Strength in all your ways!
Courage nerve you for the strife!
Here shall Rest restore your days,
Love assuage the toil of life!

Never here shall Doubt or Fear
 Gloom the radiance of the heart!
Nor Distrust dispel the Cheer
 Of the Place—the Place Apart!

Rise! Go forth thy meed to earn!
 Spend thy strength! Then home return!
Wearied, weak, return at length
 To the Place of Rest and Strength!

The Man and his family arise. Lightly he resumes his burden, and the Angel pointing him forth his way on up the hill through the woods, he departs, followed by his family. The Spirits retire back among the trees. The Angels go back into the forest.

EPISODE 1: THE MEN OF WETHERSFIELD.

(1641)

From the wood-road comes an Indian runner, who turns up toward the hill giving the short shrill cry of a fox. He plunges into the woods of the hill. In a moment he returns leading three Indian chiefs, the Sagamores Ponus, Wascusse and Owenoke, Ponus' son. Out of the woods following them stealthily come a number of Indians, all looking and listening intently in the direction whence the runner came. One Indian climbs a tree and peers forth into the forest, now and then giving the caw of a crow, which the other Indians seem to understand. A group of squaws and children follow but are warned back. Finally the Indian in the tree gives three hurried caws, points to the woods, and glides down the tree. Watching the wood-road the Indians conceal themselves in the underbrush.

Out of the forest by the wood-road come the Men of Wethersfield with their families and goods and driving their sheep and cattle. The Rev. Richard Denton rides on a horse in the lead with his Bible-box with him on the horse. Most of the men are on foot, but here and there is a man on horseback with his wife a-pillion behind him. There are several ox-carts loaded high with household and farming goods. The older boys walk; the girls and younger children ride, the little ones being carried by their mothers in their arms.

The three Indian Sagamores step forward from among the trees and advance toward the white men with uplifted hands. The caravan stops. The Rev. Richard Denton dismounts and he and two of the other men, Matthew Mitchell and Francis Bell, go forward to meet the Indians, their hands also uplifted. Some of the Indians rise from their hiding places and others are seen skulking around through the trees to gain positions on the flank and in the rear of the settlers.

TONUS: Who are you? Why do you come through my hunting grounds?

REV. RICHARD DENTON: We are come seeking a home.

PONUS: Home? Waugh! Hunting ground? Mine.

REV. RICHARD DENTON: What are your names?

PONUS (pointing to himself and to the others in turn): Ponus; Wascusse; Owenoke.

The three white men confer with each other, pointing at the three Indians, after which the Rev. Richard Denton again turns to the Indians.

REV. RICHARD DENTON: Then know, Ponus, Wascusse and Owenoke, that we have bought all the land of Rippowams from the New Haven Colony (Expressions of indignant objections from the Indians). You sold it to them, to Nathaniel Turner of Quenepiocke.

PONUS: No. No sell; no sell. (The other two Indians join in the denial.)

REV. RICHARD DENTON: Here is the paper. You signed it with your mark, every one of you. Here; and here; and here. (The Indians look at the marks.) And Captain Turner paid you for the land at the time in part 12 glasses, 12 knives and 4 coats.

FRANCIS BELL: See, there is one of the knives he gave you in your belt.

MATTHEW MITCHELL: You sold this land and we have bought it. We will defend it.

REV. RICHARD DENTON: The Men of Quenepiocke, of New Haven, are behind this paper.

Ponus looks on the other side of the paper incredulously. He then looks at the swords and flint-locks of Francis Bell and of Matthew Mitchell, and glances off at the numbers of the settlers. At a slight sign from him the Indian runner comes up and with gestures reports the large numbers of the white men and their strength. Ponus then indicates his consent to the claims of the Men of Wethersfield.

PONUS: Waugh! All right.

REV. RICHARD DENTON: This land, Rippowams, all Toquams and Shippans, is ours, to be our home and our children's home forever, as long as the sun shines and the rivers flow. (Phlegmatic ex-

clamations of assent from the Indians.) Only you may hunt and fish here in your native forests and streams. (Animated and delighted expressions from the Indians, some starting forward at once to examine the sheep and the cattle.)

FRANCIS BELL AND MATTHEW MITCHELL: Hold! Back!

REV. RICHARD DENTON: Only the wild, not these animals, these sheep and cattle that we bring with us. (Disgruntled assent on the part of the Indians.) And there shall be peace and friendship between Ponus and Wascusse and Owenoke and their people and the Men of Wethersfield and their people forever, as long as the sun shall shine and the rivers flow.

PONUS, WASCUSSE AND OWENOKE: Waugh! Waugh! Good! Good!

At a sign from Ponus several of the Indian warriors come forward, as also do several of the settlers. They all sit down in a circle with an opening towards the east. The peace-pipe is lighted by Ponus, passed around and smoked by all. Some of the other Indians stand by watching; others yield to their curiosity in regard to the white men, their flocks, herds and possessions. They are prevented by the alert attention of the settlers from stealing, however. One, much interested in the dogs, seizes one of them, feels his ribs and legs to see if he would be good to eat, and examines his teeth, finally giving his verdict with a grunt, "Hm! Wolf! Tame wolf!" When the ceremony of smoking the peace-pipe is concluded, the Indians rise, raise their hands in salutation and disappear into the forest.

REV. RICHARD DENTON (turning with Francis Bell and Matthew Mitchell to the Company of the Men of Wethersfield): Come now, my people. Through toils and journeyings and tribulations the Lord has led us into this land. Here are we on the borders of our land, a goodly land, flowing with milk and honey, which the Lord has appointed us for our dwelling place from generation to generation.

Stand forth now therefore ye whose place is here to the east of the River of the Rippowams, as was apportioned in the meeting.

Francis Bell, of the 276 acres the company of the people apportioned to you 7 acres, which lie on this side of the Rippowam. Are you content?

FRANCIS BELL: I am content.

THE PEOPLE: It is well.

REV. RICHARD DENTON: Draw then apart your people, your cattle and your goods, that you may enter into possession of your land. Francis Bell leads his ox-cart, on which is his wife and his goods, off to one side. The two others as called forth do the same.

REV. RICHARD DENTON: Robert Bates, the company of the people apportioned to you 10 acres. Are you content?

ROBERT BATES: I am content.

THE PEOPLE: It is well.

REV. RICHARD DENTON: Thomas Marshall, the company of the people apportioned to you 7 acres. Are you content?

THOMAS MARSHALL: I am content.

THE PEOPLE: It is well.

REV. RICHARD DENTON: And be it remembered that the company chose in meeting Matthew Mitchell and Francis Bell to lay out the assignments of the land. To rectify what is amiss and consider what allowance is to be made for holes, etc. which are not fit to be measured for land. If then any believe themselves aggrieved and with cause for complaint, let them betake them to Matthew Mitchell and to Francis Bell.

THE PEOPLE: So let it be done.

REV. RICHARD DENTON: Come now, friends, let us proceed on our way to the banks of the Rippowam, where are our lands, where our homes shall be.

The Rev. Richard Denton leading the way, the company of the settlers again take up their way passing out together in the direction of the Rippowam River, Francis Bell, Robert Bates, and Thomas Marshall with their families and possessions severally taking their own ways to their own assignments of land.

EPISODE 2: THE WAR WITH NORWALK.

(1670)

Piamakin, Sagamore of Rooaton, comes out of the woods, followed by a group of three warriors. He looks out over the water.

PIAMAKIN: There come men of Norwalk. Norwalk men buy land. Give Piamakin coats, knives, wampum. Great chief Piamakin.

WARRIOR: What land Norwalk men buy?

PIAMAKIN: This land. All this land.

WARRIOR: Stamford men buy this land years back.

PIAMAKIN: Stamford men buy; Norwalk men buy. Good land. Piamakin sell land always.

WARRIOR: Stamford men say, "This land our land. Give Piamakin long wampum years back."

PIAMAKIN: Stamford men give wampum. Wampum all gone. Where Stamford men now? New Stamford men. Deer all gone. Fish all gone. New deer. New fish. Only land and Piamakin still here.

WARRIOR: White men kill. White men make war on Piamakin.

PIAMAKIN: White men make war, but not on Piamakin. White men make war on white men. Piamakin always smoke peace-pipe. Great chief Piamakin.

A row-boat bearing four men from Norwalk puts ashore at the point. They draw the boat up on the land and come up to greet Piamakin. About the same time a Stamford man comes along through the woods with snares and flint-lock, hunting. He catches sight of the approaching group without being himself seen. His suspicions are aroused and he steals up as close as he can to listen and observe. After silent greetings the Norwalk men give Piamakin presents, which he accepts.

PIAMAKIN: Piamakin friend of Norwalk men. What Norwalk men want Piamakin do for his brothers? It is already done.

MATTHIAS RICHARDS: We want to buy land of Piamakin for Norwalk.

PIAMAKIN: Piamakin no want sell land. This land Piamakin's home. He love this land. But Piamakin's friends and brothers want this land. They shall have it.

MATTHIAS RICHARDS: It is good. For how much you sell to Norwalk?

PIAMAKIN: Piamakin no sell. He love Norwalk men. He give land to Norwalk men.

ISAAC KEELER: And we will give you presents.

EPHRAIM GREGGORIE: We will give you four coats.

MATTHIAS RICHARDS: And twelve tobacco pipes.

NATHANIEL MARVIN: And ten knives, and three fathom of wampum.

There is a pause, during which Piamakin silently considers the proffer and eyes the Norwalk men critically.

PIAMAKIN: Not enough presents. More presents.

NATHANIEL MARVIN: Twenty knives.

MATTHIAS RICHARDS: And five fathom of wampum.

PIAMAKIN: And Piamakin hunt and fish here, and his people?

NORWALK MEN: Yes.

PIAMAKIN: It is good. Give me the wampum. Give me the coats, the pipes and the knives. Smoke the pipe. There shall be peace forever between Piamakin and Norwalk.

The Norwalk men hand over some of the things, and go down to the boat for the rest of them. Piamakin and his warriors take them.

PIAMAKIN: It is good. The land belongs to my brothers.

Piamakin abruptly disappears with his warriors into the woods.

The Stamford man's indignation has been rising even beyond his prudence. As the Indians disappear, he bursts out upon the Norwalk men.

JEREMY SIMKINS: Hold! I saw. I heard. This land belongs to Stamford.

ISAAC KEEILER: This land belongs to Norwalk. We have bought it.

JEREMY SIMKINS: We will maintain our rights.

NATHANIEL MARVIN: Away, silly man. Because we have got ahead of you and bought the land you desired, do you think to beat us out of our lawful possessions?

JEREMY SIMKINS: I will to Stamford.

EPHRAIM GREGGORIE: Do!

The Stamford man hurries out on the run.

ISAAC KEEILER: The man's temper gives speed to his legs. There are Stamford men not far from here.

NATHANIEL MARVIN: Let us back and tell the town of Norwalk.

Piamakin is seen passing in the woods. Matthias Richards hails him.

MATTHIAS RICHARDS: Hear you, Piamakin. A man from Stamford came shouting in unseemly manner that Stamford owns this land.

PIAMAKIN: Piamakin knows he give this land to his brothers, to Norwalk. See! Here is the wampum.

MATTHIAS RICHARDS: We will defend our land.

NORWALK MEN: To the boat.

PIAMAKIN: Ugh! It is good.

The Norwalk men rush down to the boats and push off. Piamakin watches them and then disappears into the woods again. From the west come a group of Stamford men through the woods, cautiously peering out to see if the Norwalk men are still there.

MATTHEW LUM: Go forth, Jeremy. See if the Norwalk men are still there.

JEREMY SIMKIN: Nay. If they be, they might recognize me.

JOHN POP: Can you not recognize them as well as they you?

They push Simkins out into the open. Finding no one in sight, with increasing boldness he comes out a ways into the field.

JEREMY SIMKINS: There is none here! They have fled!

SEVERAL (coming out): It is well. They admit they have no right.

A man, Edmund Swead, climbs a tree down by the wall and looks across the water.

EDMUND SWEAD: The Norwalk men are coming! They have four boats!

MATTHEW LUM: Be brave, neighbors! Courage for Stamford!

SIMON CRABB: Now will we confront them?

JEREMY SIMKINS: Aye, I am afraid we will.

EDMUND SWEAD: Who knows but they come peaceably?

MATTHEW LUM: We will conceal ourselves and watch what they do.

JEREMY SIMKINS: Aye, that is an excellent plan.

MATTHEW LUM: We will form in double line—the younger men in front, the older men as reserve in another line behind them.

ANDREW SEIRING (an old man): The older men behind to counsel and advise the younger men.

MATTHEW LUM: Now, form the lines. (The men take places in two lines.) There, that is good. Here, Jeremy Simkins, you should be in the front line.

JEREMY SIMKINS: But I am an older man. I can show you, Matthew Lum, in the Bible, by the entry of my birth that I am an older man.

MATTHEW LUM: Nay, come forward! (Several push him forward.)

JEREMY SIMKINS: I have the Bible for it!

MATTHEW LUM: Now in this order conceal yourselves among the trees, until we see what the Norwalk men will do.

As they hide behind the trees and in the underbrush, the men of Norwalk row up to the shore and beach their boats. Several come peering up the bank to see if any Stamford men are there. Some have axes and scythes.

MATTHIAS RICHARDS: You men with axes and scythes go first, that it may appear that we have merely come with peaceful intent to cut wood and grass.

RALPH HALES: Here, Joseph Senchion, you have no scythe. You may have mine.

JOSEPH SENCHION: No, no, you go ahead.

MATTHEW LUM (rising, to the Stamford men): Now, out upon them! Confront them!

The Stamford men rush out a short ways and stop. The Norwalk men stop short in their tracks with astonishment. They face each other, neither side caring to make the next move.

STAMFORD MEN: Begone!

NORWALK MEN: Away with you!

MATTHEW LUM: What right have you Norwalk men to cut grass on this side the Five Mile River?

THOMAS FITCH (stepping forward amid noise and turmoil among the Norwalk men): Be quiet! Know, you men of Stamford, that the town of Norwalk has appointed me, Thomas Fitch, to come with the men of Norwalk who cross the Five Mile River to cut hay to make answer for or in behalf of the town—and the rest to be silent.

MATTHEW LUM: Cease thy prate, man. Be off with you all to Norwalk.

NORWALK MEN: We'll not! Be off to Stamford! We'll slay you all in your trespass! We'll fight for our land!

THOMAS FITCH: Be quiet! *Be quiet!* SILENCE!—Did not the town order—me to speak and the rest to be silent?

EPHRAIM GREGGORIE: We'll not abide the affront of these—

THOMAS FITCH: SILENCE! How can I make a good case for the law if you persist in your gabble, defying the Town Meeting? Let me reason with these Stamford men.

JEREMY SIMKINS: Aye! Reason! Reason is better than force. Come, men, let us hear reason.

STAMFORD MEN: The land is ours. That's all there is to it.

NORWALK MEN: 'Tis ours. We bought it from Piamakin.

THOMAS FITCH: *Silence!* SILENCE!

STAMFORD MEN: He sold it to us long ago!

MATTHIAS RICHARDS: Leave it to Piamakin.

STAMFORD MEN: *No!* NO!

THOMAS FITCH: That would hardly be safe. There'd be more presents.—Friends and neighbors of Stamford and Norwalk, let us endeavor to bring this dispute to a loving and neighborly issue. You men of Stamford say that Piamakin sold this land to you long since. If so, your claim has the dignity of age, though harder to prove. We claim that Piamakin sold this land to Norwalk—recently. Our claim may have the weakness of youth, but it is thereby the easier to prove. Let us not now shed one another's blood. Let us refer our grave dispute to the just decision of the General Court at New Haven. What say you? Is it your will? (Pause.) What say you all?

ALL, OF BOTH TOWNS: It is!

THOMAS FITCH: Now, then, as friends and neighbors shall we part. Each town appoint four men to plead its cause before the Court.

SEVERAL STAMFORD MEN: But we will get this land! The Court—

SEVERAL NORWALK MEN: 'Tis ours! The Court will so decide.

THOMAS FITCH: Peace—till we meet before the Court in New Haven.

The Norwalk men go off down to their boats and embark. The Stamford men similarly march off to the west, some on each side shaking their fists at the other side. As they go, Piamakin and his three warriors come out from the woods a little ways. He looks after first one party, then the other.

PIAMAKIN: Good! It is good! White man know how fight and smoke peace-pipe both same time. White man call it Law.

Piamakin and his warriors turn and disappear into the woods.

EPISODE 3: THE MILL AT THE LANDING
(1744)

George Gorum, the miller, comes out and looks over the water, as John Bates, a prosperous farming gentleman of the time, rides in on horse-back. Gorum is nodding to himself and rubbing his hands with satisfaction.

JOHN BATES: George Gorum, Captain George Gorum, it is a public service that you have rendered by building this mill of yours.

GEORGE GORUM: You tell me so every time you come, John Bates.

JOHN BATES: I may have mentioned it before. It is worthy of repetition throughout the colony, sir. (Gorum seems more concerned about something on the water and finds the conversation too long.) I can now get my corn ground without going on a journey, practically at home. I can attend to it when I take my little morning canter.

GEORGE GORUM: You have some corn coming to the mill this morning?

JOHN BATES: I have. It is coming right along. To haul my corn those five miles to Stamford town was galling to me, sir. In the eye of every one of those people I could see that in their hearts they considered Middlesex men as dependent upon them, dependent upon them, sir. (Bates has a mannerism of going straight ahead and then turning back to add another remark.) Middlesex can stand upon her own feet, I say, quite independent of Stamford and every other place. We are English, are we not?

GEORGE GORUM: We are.

JOHN BATES: Fight for the Union Jack and attend to our own affairs. Here comes my corn. Fine corn that, George Gorum.

A farmer drives in a wagon loaded with corn in bags, coming the same way that John Bates had come. Gorum shouts and two of his men come out of the mill, and help Bates' man to unload the corn and carry it into the mill. Mrs. Gorum also comes out.

JOHN BATES: Good day to you, Mistress Gorum. Look at that corn. Is not that as fine corn as you ever saw come to your husband's excellent mill?

MRS. GORUM: Good day to you, Mr. Bates. That is good corn.

GEORGE GORUM: How will you have it, John Bates? Will you wait for the grinding or will you exchange? I have some fine corn here ready ground.

JOHN BATES: Whose corn is it?

GEORGE GORUM: Nathan Weed's, most of it. Some maybe of Joshua Hoyt's.

JOHN BATES: Well, I do not know. One knows his own corn. I oversee every bit of the work on my farm myself.

GEORGE GORUM: Yes, John Bates, I know you do. Just as you like. It's good corn, new ground, grown on about the same land as yours.

JOHN BATES: Aye, aye! Weed and Hoyt, you say. Alright! It's good Middlesex corn. I'll take it. The home product for me. Then you know what you are getting. I may want to exchange some for imported stuffs. Have you any on hand? That is a comely sacque you have on, Mistress Gorum. An India calico, I doubt not.

MRS. GORUM: Aye, Mr. Bates, a simple thing.

JOHN BATES: It is a fine quality. My wife will be clamoring for one like it. It is great opportunity for exchange you have, George Gorum. I say it is a great opportunity you have, Captain George Gorum. And through you we have a wee chance now and again without interference from the British Ministry. It is a public service you—

GEORGE GORUM: Aye, John Bates, you have said so before.

JOHN BATES: I may have mentioned it before. The British Ministry abuse their privilege of office to extract taxes and duties from us under guise of statute, meddling with free commerce. I will not stand it for one. I am English, myself, I thank God. I will fight for the Union Jack, but the British Ministry must not meddle with my affairs and try to restrict my free rights. How say you, George Gorum?

GEORGE GORUM: Aye, aye. That is what we all believe and practice.

MRS. GORUM: Look, look! What is this? French prisoners.

GEORGE GORUM: If they stop, see to their wants.

George Gorum goes hurriedly out. From the wood-road come a party of British soldiers with a French officer as prisoner, on horseback. They ride down to the mill. George Gorum comes back quite calm.

BRITISH OFFICER: Good day, my friends. Good day to you, madam. Can you not water our horses for us?

GEORGE GORUM: Gladly, gladly. Here, boys. Take the officers' horses and water them.

MRS. GORUM: And will you not have some refreshment? Some New England rum? Or some tea, some Bohea?

BRITISH OFFICER: I thank you, madam. I will accept. Monsieur, will you have some rum?

FRENCH OFFICER: Merci, monsieur. Mes compliments, madame.

The officers dismount. Gorum's men lead the horses in back to be watered. Some of the others of the escort go also. One or two remain, and Gorum's men bring out water in an old bucket like a firkin for the horses. Mrs. Gorum goes into the house and comes out with a jug and cups from which she pours rum for the officers.

JOHN BATES: Any news of the war? Any word from the fleet in the West Indies?

BRITISH OFFICER: None since the taking of Jamaica.

GEORGE GORUM: To New York?

BRITISH OFFICER: Aye, to New York, for an exchange. I assure you, madam, we thank you for your refreshing hospitality.

FRENCH OFFICER: Merci beaucoup, madame et monsieur. Votre tres—

BRITISH OFFICER: Advance!

The officers mount. The escort come riding out again. The party ride on in the direction of Stamford and New York. Meal bags are loaded on Bates' cart.

GEORGE GORUM: The Frenchman was captured up the Connecticut, near Number 4, or somewhere. Got too far from Canada this time.

MRS. GORUM: Not often we see soldiers in these parts. An event to be remembered.

JOHN BATES: Aye, aye, these are quiet times. Little happens by way of excitement except the weekly sermons.

MRS. GORUM: The new parson is a fine young man.

JOHN BATES: Mr. Mather is a man of parts and of scholarship. He is *our own!* In my opinion he is to be compared with George Whitefield himself!

GEORGE GORUM: He is a learned preacher and makes the most of his chance. But if things were not so dull, think what he could do with a fair sermon of decent length three hours or more, as they used to be.

JOHN BATES: Quiet times let us build up our homes and improve our fortunes and give us chance for most excitement where there is most danger, in the next world. Now, with our own Middlesex church we can consider the perils of hell and the joys of redemption in comfort at home.

MRS. GORUM: Stamford people will say as long as they live that Middlesex separated from the Stamford church from lack of zeal for true religion.

JOHN BATES: Aye, they will. There's my meal. Take it home. Good-day!

The cart is driven off and John Bates follows. George Gorum watches until Bates is gone. He then calls his men to see to the unloading of a ship.

GEORGE GORUM: Now, signal the skipper the bring the stuff ashore.

MRS. GORUM: Why did you wait for Mr. Bates to go?

GEORGE GORUM: He's alright, I doubt not, but like as not he would have wanted to illustrate the principles of colonial self-government to that British officer by the unloading of this cargo.

Sailors bring boxes and bundles of cargo up along the shore and carry them with the assistance of Gorum's men into the mill. The skipper directs the work. Once in a while Gorum stops a man to look at a chest or bale of goods.

SEA CAPTAIN: What's happening? Anything about the expedition to Louisburg? That was in the wind when last I was in Boston. Some member of the General Court prayed too loud and let the cat out of the bag.

GEORGE GORUM: Oh, we're going against Louisburg. That's settled. Connecticut and New Hampshire are joining Massachusetts on it. Connecticut is to have the second place in command. Roger Wolcott is to be major-general.

SEA CAPTAIN: Any going from here?

GEORGE GORUM: Yes, quite a number are going from here and from Stamford. Want a little excitement; want a change. Try a little fighting against the French. They don't come here any more, so we'll go chase the rats in their own forts.

SEA CAPTAIN: Drilling a lot nowadays, then, I suppose.

GEORGE GORUM: Aye, that they are, every week, sometimes oftener. Come in, Captain, and we'll reckon this up and settle. What do you want this trip? I have fine salt meat on hand, rum a-plenty, and wheat, oats and corn.

SEA CAPTAIN: Well, let's look the stuff over.

The two men go in. Mrs. Gorum goes in with her husband. Gorum's mill hands and the sailors have already gone in with the last of the cargo.

INTERLUDE I: THE CHANGING TIDE

The Interlude begins with smoothly-flowing music, ever advancing and receding, in the violins. From the water comes the Spirit of the Tide, the Changing Tide, periodically changing herself and changing all things. Her color is chiefly a greenish blue, the color of shallow sea-water. Following her come a body of Water Spirits flowing up over the shore and up the land in obedience to the Tide. She beckons, lures, guides them in over the land. In front flow little ones in pale green, rippling along in advance of the larger older ones in sea blue, with here and there for the deeper water a touch of sea green. The Tide leads and guides them in over the lower stretches and on up the slope, herself always at the highest point, where she triumphs over her achievement as the Water Spirits dance in homage before her and about her. Then almost at the same time, come from the woods at the back and from among the trees on the hill-side Forest Spirits, in dark greens and browns. As they approach the Tide is in ecstasy, joying in her power over the land and the water.

Then from her triumph she turns in haughtiness from them, bids them all begone, sends them back to the deeps and to the forests. Reluctantly the Water Spirits depart, receding as they had come, she remaining alone at the highest point of her rise. The Forest Spirits, however, do not retire altogether, but only into the edge of the woods, whence and whither through the interlude they come and go. At last, when the Water Spirits have gone quite far, the Tide relents. She yearns for them, and as they vanish she stretches forth her arms to them and bids them return. Again, at the bidding of the Tide, the waters return. This flowing and ebbing of the tide continues through the Interlude.

The next time, Indians come out with the Forest Spirits and dominate the slope of the land, laughing defiantly as the water washes up about them. In the orchestra Indian music weaves in with the flowing music of the tide. But when the Tide changes, she bids the Indians too begone and they too have to depart, wonderingly, lamentingly going down the hill and out to the west.

Next Colonists come with the Forest Spirits, simple, rugged and self-reliant, full of affairs, devoted to Great Britain, whose banner one of them bears, and hostile to France, one of whose blue-uniformed soldiers they have as a prisoner. The music brings fleeting snatches of The British Grenadier. But they, too, pass on, with the ebbing of their flood-tide, at the beck of the Changeful Spirit that controls the waters of time.

As the Colonists depart, Americans of the Revolutionary and Early National period come in their turn. They have the American flag in its earliest form among them. For them as for all the others, the Forest Spirits form a framing background. Their music is suggestive of Yankee Doodle and other early American airs. As their tide ebbs, the Spirit of the Tide goes much farther down toward the shore with the Water Spirits than before.

People of about 1830 are the next to come. They do not go up so far towards the woods as the others. They are people of accustomed manner, matter-of-fact, and even a bit worldly in their picturesque way. They are quite unconscious of the Tide that has called them on and that will send them hence. The music is appropriate to the period, somewhat formal and sentimental. Then from out of the woods comes a single, solitary Indian. He comes but a few steps out from the shelter of the forest and stands with hands uplifted as in communion with the Great Spirit. He ignores or does not see the people of 1830 below him. These, startled, some of them frightened, draw back and watch him. The Indian turns to the north, to the east, to the south, and then to the west, as in prayer, singing an Indian chant, at first low and then rising into a song full of triumphant pathos:

THE INDIAN'S CHANT

Oh Father, Great Spirit, Waukaumauw,
Here are the graves of my fathers!
Here in these forests they hunted,
Brought up their young by these waters!
Here is the home of my fathers!
Here dwell their spirits forever.
This is my home, Oh, Great Spirit,
For this is the home of my fathers!

Gone are they,—gone from these forests,
As foot-prints washed out by the waters
As red and brown leaves of the autumn;
And gone are all who came after.
But they shall return, Oh Great Spirit!
Again Thou wilt bring back Thy children!
They shall hunt here and dwell here forever,
For this is the home of my fathers!

The waters advance, Oh Waukaumauw!
And now I depart, like my fathers,
And no man shall know where I go to,
Till Thou, Oh Great Father, Waukaumauw,
Call me back to the Home of my fathers!

The Indian turns, plunges into the woods and is lost. The people of 1830, still gazing in amazement and awe at the place where he had been, retire, not knowing why, out the same way the others had gone. The Forest Spirits retire into the woods. Again for the last time the Tide with her Water Spirits flows up over an empty field and recedes out to the sea whence she came.

**EPISODE 4: THE RAID ON THE MIDDLESEX CHURCH
(1781)**

Several row-boats come quietly in and beach. British soldiers and Tories get cautiously out. While some are hiding the boats, others make a reconnaissance, first Rowland Slawson and some of the Tories going forward, and then a few soldiers under Captain Frost joining them. Daniel Gorham comes sauntering up from his house and mill, surprising a British soldier and himself a bit taken unaware.

SOLDIER: Hold up your hands and be silent, or I'll blow your head off.

DANIEL GORHAM: I'm alright, my friend.

ROWLAND SLAWSON: He's a friend and to be trusted.

DANIEL GORHAM (to Captain Frost, who comes up): The rebels will be coming to church soon,—to pray God to dismember the British empire, to loose anarchy among the colonies, and to expose us and our homes to the French and Indians again. Damn them! Hide back there in the swamp, until they are all in church and you will bag the lot without any trouble, the pestiferous old parson and all. Property would be safe without the King's power back of the laws, wouldn't it?

CAPT. FROST: It's not long till they come for the afternoon sermon?

DANIEL GORHAM: No. You'll hear the drum summoning them soon. Wait till they are singing a hymn. Then you can come up and surround the church without being heard. Cocks and hens! You'll get a fine flock of them! You'll pick up some nice horseflesh too this afternoon, or I'm mistaken.—Well, I'll not be around.

Daniel Gorham saunters off again the way he came. Capt. Frost beckons his men back to the boats and around behind the point.

CAPT. FROST (to a sergeant and a Tory): Remind all the men not to shoot if they can help it. Warn them that three shots is the general alarm here. We don't want the whole country-side down

upon us. (To another Tory.) Here, you, get up in there somewhere, damn you, and tell us when you see the first of the rebels coming. Keep where I can see you, and when you come back, get around through the woods.

The man designated goes up on the rise to the west and keeps a sharp look out. All the others return to the boats and disappear around the point. Only Capt. Frost's red uniform is seen once in a while as he looks up over the bank to sign to the Tory look-out. Finally the Tory points, runs down across to the woods, plunges in and emerges down on the shore near the boats. He speaks to Capt. Frost and both disappear. From the west where the Tory was pointing come the people of Middlesex parish on their way to church. The first carries a drum, which, as soon as he reaches the wood-road, he begins to beat. Some are on foot; some are on horse-back; some carry their wives or daughters a-pillion. Some also come from other directions.

GERSHOM SCOFIELD: Well, Deacon, the British have been keeping away for some time now since they got the treasure from your house. Three months now, is it?

DEACON JOSEPH MATHER: Aye, they'll not be around again for a while. Major Tallmadge and Ebenezer Jones with his Boat Service have taught them a lesson.

GERSHOM SCOFIELD: They have truly.

ELIPHALET SEELY: I am not so sure. I have been sleeping in a thicket of bushes below my garden, so they should not take me if they came to my house at night.

DEACON JOSEPH MATHER: Better not talk so loud. No telling who might not have Tory inclinations and be in hearing.

GERSHOM SCOFIELD: The Cow Boys—I'd like to see them exterminated.

MRS. JOSHUA MOREHOUSE: It was a great sermon the parson gave us this morning!

ELIPHALET SEELY: The boot-heel did famous work on the study floor while he wrote that sermon, I warrant you.

GERSHOM SCOFIELD: And he'll give us another sermon like it this afternoon! He's a staunch champion of freedom and the truth!

MRS. JOSHUA MOREHOUSE: His doctrine is soundly based on the Scriptures and the Declaration of Independence.

Rev. Moses Mather comes in with his wife and several of his children. He carries his Bible under his arm. As he passes through, the people all bow to him. He graciously returns the salutations.

MRS. JOSHUA MOREHOUSE: Will you give us as stirring a sermon this evening as this morning, Mr. Mather?

REV. MOSES MATHER: I know not, but I will preach the Word of the Lord as I understand it. The text this afternoon is from Timothy, "Quit you like men; be strong," and again from Hebrews, "And so much the more as ye see the day approaching."

From the wood-road comes the drummer again. He stands at the edge of the woods and beats the call a second time. Those who have horses tie them at the wall, and all go through the road to the church. Rowland Slawson is seen peeking out over the wall to see if all have gone in. He then comes out affecting a careless mein. Capt. Frost watches him. He evidently does not trust him completely, and when Slawson is going too near to the church, he calls and beckons him back. He then summons his men. Inside the church, in the woods, the congregation are heard singing the hymn

NORWALK

By Mather

All yesterday is gone!
To-morrow's not our own;
O sinner, come without delay
To bow before the throne.

(The Ancient Lyre, p. 188)

Capt. Frost gets over the wall cautiously and listens. He beckons his men to follow. They jump over the wall and run after him up the hill. When they are half way up, Isaac Richards appears at the end of the wood-road and shouts back a warning. He himself then runs

up the hill and escapes. The British spread out to surround the church and go into the woods, leaving a soldier on guard at the road. The singing of the hymn stops abruptly. There is noise of great confusion and of sharp commands. Two young men, Nathan Weed and Noyes Mather, the parson's son, dart out of the woods trying to escape. A Tory is in pursuit. The British soldier on guard draws his gun to his shoulder and fires. Young Mather drops to his knees.

NATHAN WEED: Are you hit?

NOYES MATHER: In the heel. But I can run.

He gets up with Weed's assistance and they disappear into the woods. The Tory also fires a pistol without success. He draws another pistol and is about to fire again, but the soldier stops him.

SOLDIER: Hold! Three shots is the alarm.

Some of the Tories and a few of the soldiers come out and begin to lead off the horses with much coarse joking over the fine prizes that have fallen into their hands. From the wood-road now come the British with their prisoners. Capt. Frost is in command. By his side and at the head of the line comes the Rev. Moses Mather, bare-headed, his hands tied with rope behind his back. Capt. Frost is in quite jocular mood over his success in capturing the rebel parson of Middlesex. The men of the congregation are marched out two and two, tied together with cords by the arms. The women and some of the children are trying to reach their husbands and fathers, but are roughly kept back by the soldiers at the point of the bayonet. One of the women, Sally Dibble, is wounded and her dress is torn. Capt. Frost designates three soldiers and sends them back.

CAPT. FROST: Go back and see if anything is overlooked.

They return to make their search. Capt. Frost marches his command and prisoners down to the shore, where some of them, including the Rev. Moses Mather, are put into boats and rowed away, while the rest with the horses are taken farther off along the shore.

Three shots are heard in rapid succession in the woods, the noted signal for the general alarm. The three British soldiers come running

out of the wood-road. There is a fourth shot. One of the soldiers drops. The other two run down to the shore and disappear. The wounded soldier picks himself up and tries to follow. He cannot, so tries to gain temporary cover in the trees. Daniel Gorham comes out cautiously.

DANIEL GORHAM: Quick, friend. Get down to my mill and hide among the grain bags. I'll see that you are safe.

Daniel Gorham helps the British soldier out as fast as he can go in the direction of the mill. They have hardly disappeared when a number of Americans come running out of the wood-road in pursuit of the British and Tories and their prisoners. They run down to the shore and off in the direction the enemy have gone.

EPISODE 5: THE TOWN OF DARIEN
(1820)

Several men of the time come out and begin to pitch horse-shoes, or to watch. A couple of old men bring out from the store a bench and stool and a keg, also a checker-board. They get the checker-board on the keg between them and begin their game. A market man from New Canaan drives down across the field. His wagon is loaded with country produce and a pair of calves are led behind.

MARKET MAN: Nothing seen of the packet yet?

STORE MAN: Don't know's there has. Wind seems to set right out in the Sound, though. It ought to get in pretty soon,—some time this afternoon anyway.

MARKET MAN: Anything heard about the Town question? Have they settled it up at New Haven yet?

FARMER: Believe they have. Thaddeus Bell was up there, and he sent word they voted the charter to the town and he'll be along with it as soon as it's made out.

MARKET MAN: What you going to call it? Bellville?

STORE MAN: No. There was some wanted to call it Bellville, and some that wanted to call it after another family. Isaac Weed, captain of this packet,—he's been down on the coast trade, you know,—and he told them they ought to call it Darien, because it was a small neck of a town that didn't do much but connect two other bigger towns.

MARKET MAN (laughing): Well, well, so they're going to call it after the Isthmus of Darien, eh?

FARMER: Guess so, Thaddeus Bell, he's doing more about it than anyone else, and he says that would be a pretty good name, because what would those two big towns do without this little one between them he didn't know.

Cheers are heard up in the direction of the King's Highway. Thaddeus Bell rides in on horseback, accompanied by other people, both men and women on foot. He is travel-stained and bespattered with mud. The people waiting for the packet get up at his approach. His wife comes forward to greet him. He dismounts and greets his wife. Dr. Warren Percival comes in.

DR. PERCIVAL: How is it, Bell? What about the town?

THADDEUS BELL: Middlesex is now a town, the Town of Darien, Connecticut! I have the charter in my saddle-bags.

Cheers. Other people come in. Thaddeus Bell hunts in his saddle-bags and produces a large official-looking document which he holds up for all to see.

THADDEUS BELL: Here is the charter! It is dated the first Wednesday in May, 1820. It finds that the facts in our petition to the General Assembly are true and grants our Prayer to be incorporated into a separate Town. It provides for the first Town-Meeting as follows: "The first Town Meeting in said Town of Darien shall be holden at the Presbyterian Meeting House in said Town of Darien on the second Monday in June, A. D. 1820, and Thaddeus Bell, Esq. shall be Moderator thereof and shall warn said meeting by setting up a Notification thereof on the public sign-post in said town and at such other public places as he may deem proper. (Cheers.)

DR. PERCIVAL: And Thaddeus Bell shall be elected the first Select Man!

OTHERS: That he shall! (Cheers.)

THADDEUS BELL: No, I will not accept it. I have done what I have simply for the benefit of my neighbors here at home, not with any desire for public office. Even if elected, I shall not accept.

DR. PERCIVAL: Well, John Bell, then. We'll have someone of the family on the first Board of Select Men.

ANOTHER MAN: John Weed would make a good Select Man, too.—young John.

OTHERS: Aye, young John Weed, we'll vote for him.

THIRD MAN: And Henry Bates.

MARKET MAN: Here comes the packet! (Cheers.)

On the inlet the sloop "Union" moves up to the landing. The skipper, Captain Isaac Weed, comes ashore. With him is a stranger. Renewed cheers.

ISAAC WEED: Well, neighbors, quite a welcome. What's up? I have done all your commissions, and report the "Union," of Stamford, safe in port at Ring's End Landing!

CROWD: No! No! Darien!

THADDEUS BELL: No longer the "Union" of Stamford, but the "Union" of Darien! Middlesex is now an independent town of Connecticut under the name of Darien.

Cheers in which Captain Weed and his crew join. Captain Weed takes the stranger over to Thaddeus Bell.

NOAH BROWN: Thaddeus Bell! I should know you anywhere. Do you remember me? I lived here when I was a boy of 15. My name is Noah Brown.

THADDEUS BELL: Noah Brown! Well, well! Neighbors, here is one of our old boys back again among us, Noah Brown, the man who built Commodore Perry's victorious fleet in Lake Erie seven years ago. (Cheers.)

ISAAC WEED: Mr. Brown, I want you to build a boat for me. And neighbors, I'll call it the Noah Brown of Darien. (Laughs and cheers.)

THADDEUS BELL: Now I will post this warning for the meeting here on the Landing.

Thaddeus Bell, accompanied by Noah Brown and a few others, go out to post the warning for the Town Meeting.

ISAAC WEED: Get the goods ashore, men. Here, Jonas, (to the farmer) here is the money for your hay, \$24.

FARMER: \$24? There is some mistake.

ISAAC WEED: No. You had just two tons. I got \$12 a ton for you.

FARMER: \$12 a ton! That is too much! Take it back. It would not be right for me to take it. Here!

ISAAC WEED: Why, Jonas, man, of course it is right. That is what hay brings now. Besides I do not know who I sold it to. All I know is I sold it for \$24 and the money is yours.

ONE MAN: Now at last we can have a good road put through our town. We won't be at the mercy of the people of Stamford.

ANOTHER: Quite right! The town ought to employ a man to work on the road at once. He should be expected to give all his time to it.

ONE MAN: That would cost a good deal of money,—all his time.

ANOTHER: That makes no difference. The town should put a man with team, cart, chain and everything to work at once. I shall move it in the first Town Meeting. The town ought to pay him \$2 a day. It should vote a Highway Tax of 2c on the dollar.

ONE MAN: That is extravagance. I shall vote against it. All his time! \$2 a day!

ANOTHER: He supplies his team, cart and everything himself. The town will vote it, too. You see.

ONE MAN: Man, \$2 a day. Do you realize that would be \$600 a year! If the town does vote it this year, it will not next year. I will see to that.

ANOTHER: It will the year after then.

ONE MAN: We'll see! Such extravagance. Let each man take care of his own road.

A small boy comes down with an ox-cart loaded with straw. It is brought down to the landing and the straw is put aboard, the ox-team turned around and the boy started off again. The freight taken off consists of groceries, dry goods and hardware, molasses, sugar and flour. The new cargo for New York consists of country produce, potatoes, onions, turnips, hay, straw, calves and poultry. Meantime Thaddeus Bell returns.

A poor woman goes up to Thaddeus Bell anxiously and waits until she can attract his attention.

CHARITY TUBBS: Oh, Mr. Bell, Mr. Bell, what will happen to us Town Poor? If we are not to belong to Stamford any more, who will take care of us?

MRS. BELL: You'll be taken care of, Charity.

THADDEUS BELL: Do not give yourself any worry about it, Charity. The Select Men of Stamford and our Select Men, as soon as they are elected, will meet and decide which ones of you poor people Stamford shall keep and which ones Darien shall take care of. You will be alright. Darien must have its share of the Western Reserve Fund, too.

ONE MAN: How much will that amount to, Mr. Bell?

THADDEUS BELL: Darien's share would probably amount to as much as \$3,000. (Cheers.) That will go to the Darien School Fund. (Cheers.)

THIRD MAN: Well, one improvement we need is to put some restriction on the pigs. They root everything up.

FOURTH MAN: Yes, I do not know but there should. Wire them; that's what they do everywhere. You draw up the words for it and I will second it in the Town Meeting.

THIRD MAN: "Pigs eight weeks old well wired to be free commoners," —that is all you need. I'll move that and you second it.

OLD MAN: You ought to do something to regulate the catching of oysters, too. When I was a boy, you could take oysters anywhere along the shore here a foot long. Yes sir, and lobsters—I've seen lobsters six feet long. But they are all gone now. The drags have driven them away, frightened them.

ISAAC WEED: All aboard! Any passengers for New York? Any other commissions? All aboard! The "Union" of *Darien*. (cheers) Isaac Weed, Master, for Peck's Slip, New York!

The sloop moves out into the inlet and sails for the Sound. The people go off with their groceries or other goods, their teams or on foot. The market man from New Canaan drives off with his return load. Meantime the old men have resumed their game of checkers and the younger men their pitching horse-shoes. As the last of the people are leaving, their games are finished and they get up and go off also.

EPISODE 6: THE COMING OF THE RAILROAD
(1849)

The Proprietor of Scofield's Inn and a traveler with his luggage come out waiting for the stage-coach. The stage-coach comes along the wood-road, horn blowing and whip cracking, well loaded with passengers.

INN-KEEPER: Here you are! Here is the stage-coach. You might have a chance to go by the first railroad train if you care to chance it.

TRAVELER: No, no I must get to New York as quick as I can. And I want to get back. I am not anxious to try any dangerous experiments.

INN-KEEPER: There is no real danger going by the railroad. They are reliable and prominent people back of it putting it through.

TRAVELER: No, sir, I have heard all about it. That bridge at Cos Cob—for the sake of going through by Christmas Day, they are going to risk passing over that bridge before it is more than half finished. I heard about it.

The stage-coach drives up. A few people get out and look around. Horses are changed. A few people come to take the stage and with the other traveler see the driver about seats.

STAGE-DRIVER: Stage for Stamford! Connects by the new arrangement with the Harlem Railroad at White Plains for New York! Only safe way to New York!

Nathaniel Weed comes driving in at a fast pace.

INN-KEEPER: Got the stage easily this time, Mr. Weed. Never missed it, have you?

NATHANIEL WEED: Never, sir, never! Never have and never will, if I have to leave the horse dead on the road.

TRAVELER: Excuse me the liberty of a question, sir! You make a practise of—

NATHANIEL WEED: Yes sir. For years and years I have gone to New York every other day. I used to go by boat, driving down to catch the steamer. Then lately I have gone to White Plains and taken the railroad train there. When the railroad goes through from here I shall go that way.

INN-KEEPER: They say the railroad train is to go through for the first time to-day, Mr. Weed.

NATHANIEL WEED: To-day! To-day! How does it happen I did not know of it. I will go by train to-day then! I shall not want my seat with you, Lewis. What time is it expected the train will go through?

BY-STANDER: I heard sometime early this afternoon was probable.

TRAVELER: Really I doubt the feasibility of this railroad. It cannot pay.

NATHANIEL WEED: Why, do you know, sir, the Housatonic Railroad increased its earnings from passengers alone this year nearly \$1,400 over last year!

TRAVELER: Are you certain that the figures are authentic? Is the source of your information incontrovertible?

NATHANIEL WEED: Yes, sir! Yes, sir! There is more money in railroads than in any opportunity before the public for investment at the present time.

TRAVELER: Not more than in gold! The new discoveries in California.

NATHANIEL WEED: I mean it sir, even more, far more than in gold. People are going across the continent without number. But it will cost heavily, though much good may come of the movement. But there is dire suffering and loss in store for most of them.

TRAVELER: You think so? There are not many of your opinion. You see people starting out for the gold-fields every day in wagon and —anything.

NATHANIEL WEED: Yes, sir, that is my opinion as a banker. There go some more enthusiastic folk chasing the golden gleam.

A wagon fixed up as a prairie wagon passes across from the wood-road and out toward the west.

STAGE-DRIVER: Now, ladies and gentlemen! All aboard! Stage for Stamford! Connects for White Plains and New York by railroad!

All hurriedly climb into the stage coach or up on top of it. The driver climbs up to his seat and whips up his horses. The stage-coach goes off in the same direction that the prairie wagon had gone.

NATHANIEL WEED: It will mean everything for us when this railroad is running through regularly every day,—three, four times every day. We shall then practically live in New York, so far as having all the industrial advantages of the city is concerned. Darien, Noroton, Stamford, will all become cities without ceasing to be country villages. Work in the city with home in the country. That is what I have always been determined I should have.

INN-KEEPER: Yes, sir. You have spent many an hour traveling back and forth to New York all your life, Mr. Weed.

NATHANIEL WEED: It is good for one. The jolting along the roads is good for the circulation, keeps the blood moving, sir.

INN-KEEPER: You think we can hear the train from here, Mr. Weed?

NATHANIEL WEED: Yes, indeed! You can hear it from here easily enough. The whistle of a railroad locomotive makes a great noise.

BY-STANDER: Can you see it from here?

NATHANIEL WEED: Well, hardly. It goes up there, about—Maybe you might see it, but I guess not. I must go along if I am going to catch it. There it is now!

The whistle of the first train is heard up the inlet. Mr. Weed jumps into his buggy and drives off as fast as he can go through the wood-road. There is great excitement among all the by-standers, who start forward and gather in groups trying to see it.

BY-STANDER: I see it! I see it!

OTHERS: Where? Where?

BY-STANDER: There! No,—no!

ANOTHER BY-STANDER: I am going to the station!

OTHERS: To the station! To the station!

All break into a run and hurry off after Mr. Weed's buggy up the wood-road to see the first train at the station.

INTERLUDE II: PRINCIPLE

(1861-1865)

From the two sides of the field come the various members of a family of the time of the Civil War, the grandparents, young people, children, uncles and aunts and cousins, about twenty in all. They are engaged in the pleasant social and family interests of the time. Behind them, from the wood-road, comes the austere figure of Principle, clothed in a long cloak of purple and crimson and an under robe of blue, quiet and serious in manner. She bears in her hand a palm branch. She approaches the pleasant group and stands silently behind them but does not obtrude herself upon them. The older persons realize her presence, but the young people and the children are entirely unconscious of her. The music is suggestive of the simple, genial life before the Civil War, whether north or south.

In the music is heard the forebodings of war, the rumble of drums, the flashes of elemental passions, the appeal to the last resort. The face of Principle becomes stern. Her figure seems to rise to its full erect height. Intense and inflexible she listens. In the music is reflected the noise of battle, the peals of the trumpets calling to the charge, the clash of conflict, and the boom of distant cannon. The family becomes quiet, listening impressed with the awe of the sounds, but not comprehending. The grandfather points to the figure of Principle. One young man, and then one or two others, also gaze transfixed at her as she raises her arm slowly in irrevocable command. She points them forth to go to war. The music continues, more and more blaring forth the uncontrollable furies of war. The whole being of Principle through every nerve and drop of blood responds to the music, from a suppressed intensity of excitement working up to a veritable fanatic frenzy as with cruel relentless implacability in a pyrrhic dance of tremendous emotional sweep she orders the young

men along the way of sacrifice and death. The mothers and young wives implore her with tears and on their knees to spare them. She is inflexible. Suddenly rising through her frenzy to the still inscrutability of Fate, motionless she points the young men forth. As if fascinated in an unreasoning loyalty to her, heroically they go forth the way she points. The women sink about her, their hearts wrung but accepting her decrees. The older men bow their heads in resignation.

The battle rages in the music. The women rise from their knees and listen in speechless terror to the sound. Gradually the music quiets down to the dull monotonous boom of the cannon, which changes into a dirge. From the direction whither the young men went, come four soldiers bearing on a stretcher made from their rifles and a military overcoat, the body of a soldier. Slowly they carry him up before the family group, or what remains of the family, and before the statue-like figure of Principle. The family kneel. As the soldiers are carrying the dead by her, she puts forth a hand and stops them. She lays her palm-branch upon the breast of the soldier and raises her hand in blessing over him. The soldiers carry their burden out at the other side.

The mother of the dead and the other young women of the family on their knees are crushed with grief. In her distress the mother feels the strong but tender hand of Principle on her shoulder. With utter tenderness she lifts the mother up and comforts her. She calls to her the little wondering children, caresses them, and calls the attention of the mother and of the other women to them and fixes their sorrowing minds on them and on the future. Then placing the hand of the mother in that of her husband she points them forth upon their way, and the others of the family with them, in the opposite direction from that whither the soldiers have gone. Standing alone she watches them depart, until just before they disappear she stretches forth her hand in tenderest sympathy toward them. Then she turns and directly disappears into the woods.

EPISODE 7: JUST HOME
(1885)

An old lady comes walking in with her son, a young man of about twenty-eight, alert and sturdy.

RICHARD: Now, mother, you talk to father, won't you, and make him feel alright about my going to New York, instead of keeping on with the place?

MOTHER: Well, Richard, I will see what I can do. I suppose you must go your own way. But it will be very hard for your father.

RICHARD: Why, no it won't, mother. I shall be making lots of money very soon in this, and Edward and I will always do everything to make you and father—more than comfortable. You know that.

MOTHER: Yes, Richard, I know that, dear! That is not what I meant. But your father has struggled hard and long,—with his wound in the Civil War and all,—to keep this place together so he could hand it on to you boys.

RICHARD: But we can do better, going to the city.

MOTHER: Ours is an old family, one of the oldest in Darien, and this place has been in the family straight through from the first for over 200 years. To your father the living people of a family are sort of trustees for the other generations, and it is a sacred trust from the past to hand on the old family home undiminished to the future generations. Here are the family graves for years and years back. Here your father hopes the family name will continue forever. Don't you understand?

RICHARD: Yes, mother, but—

MOTHER: If you could only wait a while, until your father and I have passed on, you could do as you like.

The father and older son, Edward, are seen coming. The father is quite old and walks heavily on a cane.

RICHARD: But it will be a long time before that, mother dear. I do not want to be a farmer. What else could I do on this big place? I want to be getting a start, and—I want to get married.

MOTHER: Yes, my boy, I know you do, dear; and I want you to. The old must make way for the young.

RICHARD: Don't put it that way, mother!

MOTHER: No, I did not mean that. Let me put it this way: the old must help the young to make their way.

As the father and Edward come up, a carriage drives up in which are a lady and gentleman with two children. They are well dressed, elegantly but simply, and are kindly and gracious in manner.

NEW YORKER: Can you tell me where I will find the place of Mr. Livingston Brown?

FATHER: He's the man that bought the old Denton place, isn't he?

NEW YORKER: I do not know about that. He moved out here only a short time ago.

FATHER: Yes, he bought the old Denton place. You go down there across the bridge and turn to the right.

NEW YORKER: About how far is it?

FATHER: Oh, only about a quarter of a mile.

NEW YORKER: Thank you, sir.

FATHER: You're very welcome.

They drive on, but stop a short ways along and consult with each other, evidently considering if these be not the people of whom they have heard.

FATHER: Well, Richard, Edward tells me you are bent upon following him to New York. I had hoped it was only a passing fancy, as is natural with young men—I have been young myself. All I can say is I am keenly disappointed. I had thought I could count on you. Edward went. What we can do—to take care of the old place—I do not know.

The New York people turn around and drive back to them.

NEW YORKER: You do not happen to know of anyone here who wants to sell his place, do you?

FATHER: No, I do not.

NEW YORKER: We were looking for a place in the country and Mr. Brown told me there was a place near his that he had heard maybe the people might sell.

The sons look at each other significantly.

FATHER: No, I do not.

THE WIFE OF THE NEW YORKER: It was just about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Brown's, he said. That is why we thought—

The father is resolute in his attitude. The sons cannot say anything. That something is the matter is evident. It is rather embarrassing all around.

THE WIFE OF THE NEW YORKER: Would we not better go on, Henry?

NEW YORKER: Well—I did not want to bother you—I thank you, sir.

MOTHER: John, it is our place they have heard about.

FATHER: Maybe it is.

The people linger.

NEW YORKER: If I am not intruding,—would you consider—

The father stands motionless and wordless.

MOTHER: We might as well face the situation, John. Make an appointment to talk with him at least.

FATHER: It is not your family, Martha; that is why—

MOTHER: John, John, you do not mean that!

FATHER: No, Martha, I do not.

Silence. The father turns to the New Yorker as if to speak, but says nothing. The wife of the New Yorker tries to relieve the situation by turning to talk to the mother.

THE WIFE OF THE NEW YORKER: It is a very beautiful place you have here. You must be very fond of it.

MOTHER: Yes, we are. It has been in the family for over 200 years.

THE WIFE OF THE NEW YORKER: Isn't that interesting!

FATHER: I will consider—it. I will talk with you about it,—or my son will,—another day.

NEW YORKER: Very well sir, any time that would be convenient to you I shall be glad to take the matter up with you, either here or in New York.

THE WIFE OF THE NEW YORKER: Oh, we should be so delighted if we could have the place! (Her husband nudges her)—rent it from you for a few years, or something. We should appreciate all the old associations, I assure you. It is charming, the view over the water, and all. The Browns have told us a good deal about the beauty of the location. I should just love to put a pergola on the end toward the water. Don't you think it would be lovely, Mrs. —— I do not know your name.

MOTHER: Well, we like it as it is, naturally.

The mother has during these remarks assented with kindly smiles. Edward meantime has been talking with the New Yorker. The father stands absorbed in contemplation.

NEW YORKER: Well, Sallie,—we will go on. Here is my card. (Giving card to Edward, who gives his in return.) Good-day, sir! Good-day!

OTHERS: Good-day!

The New Yorkers drive ahead and out toward the bridge. There is quiet for some moments. The mother stretches out her hand to her husband.

MOTHER: Every generation in a family the blood is half of it new, John. And every generation there are new interests and new directions in the family life.

FATHER: Yes.

MOTHER: There are not many families that stay so long, father and son, in one place as your family has, John, and these are days of change.

FATHER: The more reason why the few old families should hold on. The old families are the conservative back-bone of the nation.

MOTHER: Yes, yes. But, John, there were some who thought we were uprooting all the traditions of the past when we were married and started out in our own way, even if we did not want to move away from the old place. And you, John,—you—

FATHER: Yes, I insisted on changing the shipping of all the farm produce from the packet boats to the railroad.

MOTHER: Yes, John, you were a red flagged radical. And you would have your way.

FATHER: But that was the simplest common sense. It is absurd. The event has proven—business must follow business.

MOTHER: Yes, John, and our boys must follow business. And we must start out afresh with them, even if our bones are a little stiff.

FATHER: Martha, you always do as you please with me!

MOTHER: And am I wrong?

FATHER: Edward, you see what we would best do. You arrange it.

EDWARD: Alright, Father.

RICHARD: And we will build a new house nearer the village for you two old dears. Edward and his family will move out from the city. He and I will commute. And we will have our three homes near together. Everything will be just as beautiful and comfortable as it can be made. You will be much more comfortable, after you are once used to it, and—

MOTHER: Yes, dear, I know. It will be very nice, but do not say anything more about it now. (With a motion of her head toward her husband.) You see, to your father and me it is not altogether old by-gone traditions. To us the old place is—just home.

Richard bows his head and is quiet. The mother goes over to her husband and together the old people walk out, Edward and Richard following them.

EPISODE 8: A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY
(1900)

A voice is heard over the hill calling "Fore!" A golf ball drops on the grounds. Another voice is heard calling "Fore!" and another ball drops on the grounds. Soon after some golfers come following their ball; and some friends watching their game.

FIRST GOLFER: You have to get pretty well up the hill here for a good lie to make the next shot.

SECOND GOLFER: Well, let's see what you can do. Fore!

They play off across the field and go off in that direction. Other groups of golfers follow at intervals. A group of young people come in on their way to play tennis. Then another group go through on their way swimming. They call to some of the tennis-players to come on and go swimming with them.

SWIMMER: Come on, come on and go swimming! The tide is just right!

WATCHER: I haven't my bathing suit.

SWIMMER: Never mind. I have another in the bathing-house.

They all go on up through the wood-road and soon after emerge out in the water, with a row-boat, from which they dive, and which they upset and right again.

An artist comes in with his canvas and easel, which he sets up and gets down to painting. The others do not disturb him and he works away for some time.

Among those who were following the golf and who have lingered to watch others are a twenty-four-hour New Yorker and his Darien friend.

NEW YORK MAN: This is mighty nice, all this. I wish I could live out here. But I could not be away from my business.

MR. COUNTRY TOWNE: Why not?

NEW YORK MAN: Why, my dear fellow, I do not know what might happen. I must be in touch with the office all the time.

MR. COUNTRY TOWNE: Good deal better if you got away from it all, once in a while; better for your work and better for you. And what about your wife and children?

NEW YORK MAN: Oh, we have a very nice governess for the little girl, and a tutor for the boy. He's a splendid fellow, really. He takes Bob around everywhere.

MR. COUNTRY TOWNE: But, good Heavens, what child wants a governess or a tutor tagging around with them everywhere! Did you when you were a kid?

NEW YORK MAN: Well, maybe there is something in that. Mary wants to come out into the country somewhere, and so do I. And I am going to when I am doing a little better.—Say, that was a corking play!

MR. COUNTRY TOWNE: He's some golfer on his approaches!

NEW YORK MAN: And there's another! (The wife of the Darien man, who comes across the grounds.) Oh, there is Mrs. Towne! How do you do, Mrs. Towne!

MRS. COUNTRY TOWNE: How do you do! I am so glad to see you!

MR. COUNTRY TOWNE: I tell, him, Bessie, he ought to come out here to live.

MRS. COUNTRY TOWNE: Yes, indeed.

NEW YORK MAN: I wish we could! But my work is very exacting. We are looking forward to having a place in the country sometime.

MRS. COUNTRY TOWNE: You must come. You would find Darien very delightful. We all do.

NEW YORK MAN: I am sure we should. But I have to keep in touch with the office every minute.

MRS. COUNTRY TOWNE: That is what the men all say!

NEW YORK MAN: Really! I have not had a vacation for three years.

MR. COUNTRY TOWNE: And if you had a vacation, my dear fellow, you would not know what to do with it. You ought to come out here and learn how to rest,—regularly every night. Then you could keep up without working entirely on your nerves. Your employees do. When they leave the office, they forget it, and come back fresh in the morning.

NEW YORK MAN: Yes, yes, but I have the responsibility and cannot—

MR. COUNTRY TOWNE: Of course you cannot, as long as you stay in the city. You must break away.

MRS. COUNTRY TOWNE: More than half of the people here have done just that, and were at first as strongly convinced as you that it was entirely impossible. Look at us. Do we not look care-free and well?

NEW YORK MAN: You surely do!

MRS. COUNTRY TOWNE: We have all been in the same Slough of Despond. But now we have attained to the Celestial—Country. Really, Darien is a veritable place of rest and strength. Look at those children playing in the water! Your children ought to be among them!

A man on a horse, dragging an anise-seed bag, comes trotting down over the hill, crosses the grounds and goes down to the inlet, where he drags the bag in the water to lose the trail.

NEW YORK MAN: What's this? A hunt?

MR. COUNTRY TOWNE: Yes, the Darien Hunt have a run this afternoon, I believe.

MRS. COUNTRY TOWNE: It is such good fun!

NEW YORK MAN: Do you ride?

MRS. COUNTRY TOWNE: Oh, yes, though I am not riding this afternoon. That is something I have picked up since we came out here.

A small motor-boat speeds up the inlet, circles around and comes back.

NEW YORK MAN: That is a fine little boat!

MR. COUNTRY TOWNE: Yes, that is Franklin Jones'! He has a lot of fun with it. Very fast and takes but very little water; goes anywhere, up a dry brook almost. A number of people have sail-boats but is too shallow for them to come up as high as this, of course.

MRS. COUNTRY TOWNE: Here they come!

The fox-hounds are heard baying over the hill. Every one gets ready to watch them. Over the hill through the woods they come on the scent. After them comes the hunt, in riding dress, red jackets and all. The hounds lose the trail at the water and hunt around for it. They are coupled up and led off for a new cast, the people, both those on horseback and the others going off all together. The New York Man is jubilantly enthusiastic.

INTERLUDE III: THE COMMUTERS

It is morning, about seven or eight o'clock. The train is heard coming around the bend, the whistle blowing and the bell ringing. In the fresh crisp country air all is hurry and bustle. From either side of the field come running several men, with here and there a young woman, all running for the wood-road, which leads to the railroad station. Some of the men are putting on their coats or overcoats as they run. One stops just as he starts across the field to finish a cup of coffee, handing the cup back to his wife as he sprints ahead. Another hurriedly kisses his three half-dressed children and his wife, drops his bag in doing so, picks it up and goes ahead. A young woman drops a parcel of books as she runs; they fly in all directions and she has to stop to pick them up, others dodging around her or jumping over the books as they pass her. A third man gets half way across the field, stops suddenly, feels through his pockets frantically, runs back shouting "I've forgot something," disappears whence he came and in a minute comes out again on a straight-away with no stops. Still another man is well underway when his wife calls after him that he has not kissed her good-bye; he shouts back, "I must catch this train," but he comes back. As he starts off again, she adds, "Now, remember to bring those things!" He ties a knot in his handkerchief and starts off once more.

The locomotive gives a whistle. From one side comes a horse in a single-seated rig on the run, from which a man jumps as soon as they reach the road. The man instantly disappears into the wood-road and the horse is driven off at a more reasonable pace. From the other side comes tearing an automobile. From it a man jumps and disappears, even before it has a chance to stop, as the engine whistle blows again and the train is heard going off. At the last moment a man comes rushing out and off at full speed

in a desperate effort to catch the train, his vest unbuttoned, his bag and hat in one hand, his coat, collar and tie in the other.

All is quiet and humdrum for the day. The matutinal excitement is past. The women and children at their doorways take up the placid round of the day. One young boy brings out a lawn mower and starts to cut the grass. Two women chat together, one of them stepping inside now and then as she wipes the breakfast dishes. Some of the children start off together with straps of books to school. A young girl is heard playing exercises on the piano, and then blended with the exercise is heard a popular song screeched forth by a throaty phonograph. The fish man or the market man comes along with his wagon, sells something for dinner and drives on. The day is sunny and uneventful mostly, unless a bee drones along; and it is rather warm. Later several young people pass along with tennis rackets and balls, and a few small boys going for a game of base-ball, peace in their discussion being more subtle than evident.

An engine whistle blows. From the station comes a solitary man with a bag of golf clubs. He puts down his clubs, makes his little tee off up there across the field by himself, and starts his little game of golf. Home early! The single rig and the automobile drive up and wait one on either side of the wood-road.

The locomotive whistle is heard again at a distance, and the noise of the returning evening train. It is six or seven o'clock p. m. The whistle and the ringing of the bell comes nearer and nearer and then stops. Out from the wood-road on their way home from the station comes the procession of commuters. They are tired, most of them. Their step is not fast, but habitually regular. They are loaded with bundles of all kinds and sizes. Many of them are smoking. One of a more cheery group drops a pack of cards, which he picks up and puts into his overcoat pocket. Out a little ways into the field the commuters diverge, each one going down to one side or the other to his own home. Their wives and children are waiting for them. One man calls out to his wife to ask if supper is ready; he is

hungry. The wife of the man who was commissioned to remember certain errands hails him from afar with the query, "Henry, did you get those things?" He drops all his remembered bundles in distress as he replies, "No, dear, I forgot; I have been exceedingly busy all day. I am awfully sorry." "Well, I think if you love me, you might remember one little thing I ask you to do.—Well, never mind." He picks up his bundles and follows her miserably into the house. Another woman calls to her wearied spouse to hurry, they have just time to get a bite before they take the train in town to go to the theatre. The question, "Did you bring a paper?" is heard more than once. The man of the three children is greeted with wild delight by them all with cries of, "Here's father! Here's papa!" as they run out to meet him in pajamas and nighties, and "What have you got in there?" "Oh, just things for the house." He puts down his bundles, picks each one up, kisses them in turn, and says, "Now run off to bed. Scamper!" "Can't we stay up a little while? We never see father at all." "No," endorses the mother, "run off to bed. It is late. It is time you were asleep long ago." In they go, and the father wearily, but with a sigh of content at being home again, goes in after them. The train whistle and bell are heard and the noise of the train departing farther and farther away, until all is still, and all the commuters are at home. It is night.

EPISODE 9: THE NEW DARIEN
(1915)

A man and his wife come in and look around. They have with them a little light luggage.

MR. NEWCOME: I wonder if this is the place.

MRS. NEWCOME: It looks like it, from what the station agent told us. It must be here.

A lady, a resident of Darien and member of the Women's Civic League, comes in. Her daughter is with her.

MRS. NEWCOME: Can you tell us if this is where the folk dances are to be?

MRS. DARIEN: Yes, this is the place. In a very short time now.

MRS. NEWCOME: Is the public admitted? May we stay to see them?

MRS. DARIEN: Certainly; we shall be very glad to have you.

Two gentlemen, the husband and son of the Darien lady come in. They greet them and also the Newcomes.

MR. DARIEN: Well, all ready? Good afternoon. You are interested in folk-dancing?

MR. NEWCOME: Why, yes, in a way; but more in the town.

MR. DARIEN: Indeed! You know Darien, then?

MR. NEWCOME: No. We have neither of us ever been here before to-day. But it struck us as such an extraordinary town.

MR. DARIEN: Why so?

MRS. DARIEN: That is curious. Do tell us.

MR. NEWCOME: Why, we were passing by in the train. It was a fast train, but it stopped here, and we were immediately struck by the beauty, the attractiveness of the station square.

MRS. NEWCOME: Yes, my husband said at once, "Good heavens! What place can this be?"

MRS. DARIEN: It *is* beautiful at the station, isn't it? We take a great deal of pride in the appearance we present to the passing public.

MR. DARIEN: Both stations, the Darien and the Noroton, we intend shall be as beautiful, as *attractive*, as you said, as they can be made. We want them to attract.

MR. NEWCOME: They certainly do. Mrs. Newcome said, "Let us get out and see this place!" And right on the spur of the moment —here we are!

MRS. NEWCOME: We noticed the swans and the ducks in the pond there near the station. In fact, we went and watched them a little. How do you happen to have these swans? And such a variety of them! Really, this is an extraordinary town! Most towns would never dream of having a swan-pond—much less of having it right in the railroad station park.

MR. DARIEN: Why, that is the pond of a bird farm. It is a local business. It is not a natural history garden. Simply the owner has had the side of his place toward the station treated so that it will harmonize with the landscaping of the station park.

MRS. NEWCOME: And as there is no crude advertising, it is, of course, the best kind of an advertisement.

MRS. DARIEN: We use what we have. There is something distinctive and different in every town, if the people would only recognize the fact and take advantage of it.

MR. DARIEN: Yes, everything here is done so as to serve both the private interests and desires of the individual and the general pleasure and benefit of the public, without their conflicting with each other. For instance, the beautiful appearance of the business street, as well as of the residential streets, is a thing that can be enjoyed by all and that concerns all.

MRS. NEWCOME: And what is this folk-dancing? We asked the station agent if there was anything of interest to see in other parts of the town and he told us of this. This *is* an extraordinary town!

MRS. DARIEN: You will see what it is. Here they come now. Here are some of our foreign-born and some of our American-born

young people who are going to dance the Tarentella all at the same time. Of course, all our young people are organized as Boy Scouts or Camp Fire Girls. You know about them?

MR. NEWCOME: Oh, yes, certainly.

The Tarentella is danced.

MR. NEWCOME: Is this a Socialist community?

MR. DARIEN: Gracious goodness, no! We simply respect each other. That is all. Everyone here can and does keep to himself as much as he pleases, chooses his own friends, and everything. But we recognize that we all have certain common interests in recreation as well as in business or in anything else. It is not really a new idea. There is nothing new about parks for all of the public, nor about public concerts and celebrations. Why not something of common recreation all the year for the whole town?

MR. NEWCOME: How did you get such a harmonious public opinion in the town? All this would be impossible without that!

MR. DARIEN: I suppose it comes from the fact that all of us air our views freely on matters of public interest in the local newspaper—The Darien-Noroton Review. It makes no difference if we agree with or oppose the views supported by the paper. We all write and we all read. We have lively times once in a while, but we have no sulky citizens. So we get into the habit of all co-operating and yet all having our own opinions,—and expressing them.

MR. NEWCOME: A town can have anything it wants if all the people will co-operate. You have fine roads, I see. This road up here, where does it go to?

MR. DARIEN: It is the main road between New York and New Haven. It connects the two ends of the town. They used to be distinct villages, Darien and Noroton, but the good road and the Social Center have drawn them right together, so that it really is all one town now.

MRS. NEWCOME: Social Center? What is that?

MRS. DARIEN: That is a building and grounds up on the Post Road half way between the two ends of the town.

MRS. NEWCOME: Oh, yes, we saw it.

MR. NEWCOME: I thought it was a club.

MR. DARIEN: It is, really. It is the town's club. All the recreation of the town centers there—when it wants to. People can engage the hall at a very low price for private dances. Public lectures and concerts are given there through the winter. There is a stage for the dramatic clubs. Mass meetings on public questions are held there. The town tennis and golfing tournaments are managed there. The Darien Hunt assembles there—and so on.

MR. NEWCOME: I should like to live here. This is an extraordinary town!

MRS. NEWCOME: It surely is! How is commutation?

MR. DARIEN: The rates are very reasonable. It used to be fearfully high, but co-operation in dealing with the matter brought relief. It is only \$9.00 a month, and a little more than an hour from Grand Central. When we get home we find everything that is restful and delightful—in a real home town.

MR. NEWCOME: Are there many commuters here?

MR. DARIEN: Yes, there are quite a lot of us that go in all together and come out all together every day!

MR. NEWCOME: All together is the word here, eh!

MR. DARIEN: That's it!

MR. & MRS. NEWCOME: What is this?

MR. & MRS. DARIEN: I do not know.

MR. & MRS. NEWCOME: This is an extraordinary town! Listen! It is like a dream.

FINALE: THE COMMUNITY HOME

The group of people of The New Darien remain. The Man, bearing his burden, (the same Man as in the Introduction) and his family come in and go up through the middle of the field to the Place of Rest and Strength. They build a fire there. As the fire blazes up, the Angel comes forth from the woods, accompanied by the other Angels. The Forest and Water Spirits also appear in the edge of the woods and along the shore. The Darien people watch all that happens with amazement. The Man notices them and goes down toward them, his hands extended cordially toward them.

THE MAN: Friends, your faces are unfamiliar to me but I feel that we are kin.

DARIEN CITIZEN: Good afternoon, sir! I trust we have not intruded upon your privacy. We have been much interested and astonished at what we have seen.

THE MAN: I assure you there is no intrusion. What I count my great good fortune, I am glad and anxious to share with all. For at last I have found the Place of Rest and Strength. But maybe you have always lived in this blessed place?

DARIEN CITIZEN: On the contrary, we were amazed at what we saw when you built the fire.

THE MAN: Come up then. Truly I tell you that here close at hand is that happy place that all men seek, the Place of Rest and Strength. With me and my family come and enjoy its benefits.

DARIEN CITIZEN: Is there anything we must do to share in these benefits?

THE MAN: Only bring wood and help feed the fire. Then shall we be all as one family!

The Darien people gather some wood, and following the Man go up to the Place of Rest and Strength. As they throw their wood

upon the fire, the Angel raises her sword and the other Angels their arms in blessing. The people kneel for a moment.

DARIEN CITIZEN: There are many others who have lived in this neighborhood before ourselves. May they not also come to this Place of Rest and Strength?

THE MAN: Most certainly may they come and most welcome! For truly I tell you, if all the people of the past and of the present gather together around this Place of Rest and Strength, the gracious Spirit of America will come and abide in this place forever!

The Man steps forward and raises his hands summoning all the generations of Darien. From either side of the field they come singing, every man, woman and child bringing a faggot. As they pass near the fire they throw their wood upon the fire, and gather in a mass in the lower part of the field. As the fire blazes up, in the music the Angel theme towers higher and higher, as if at last, with the coming of all the people, it were free for its fullest expression.

THE SONG OF THE PEOPLE OF DARIEN.

Men of every age we come,
Down the years with joyous feet,
Gathering round the common fire
Where the past and future meet!

Singing songs of days that were.
Greet we here the future's fire,
Bringing wood to feed its blaze
And the dreams of old desire!

Ours the hands that made that fire!
We have watched it through the night!
Hail to each succeeding day
That shall keep it burning bright!

Through the wood-road comes riding on horse-back the figure of the State of Connecticut, in blue with a silver wreath, the shield of the State on her arm and the flag of the State in her hand. She is accompanied by the other New England States and New York on

horse-back, each carrying her shield but not her flag. They ride out from the wood-road and diverge, forming two groups on either side of the road. Connecticut rides back into the woods and returns escorting America. America is on a white horse. She is clothed in white. She carries the shield of the United States on her arm and the American flag in her hand. As America and Connecticut come forward from out of the wood-road, the other States fall in behind. To the music of The Star Spangled Banner, America and the States ride forward and around to a position behind the fire. America lifts the flag high in the air. All the people of the pageant kneel, and sing the last stanza, the prayer stanza of "America".

AMERICA.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing!
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light!
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

Then rising, all the people march in massed column as in review, past America, Connecticut and the States, going out by the wood-road, singing as they go.

THE RECESSIONAL SONG OF DARIEN.

Hail to Thee, America!
Freedom's Home and glorious State!
Life and all we have to Thee
Now again we consecrate!

Thine we are as now we pass
On into the gathering night,
Seeking still the greater dawn
And the joyous morning light!

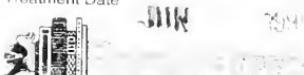
Far off in the sun-set glow
Of the great on-coming years,
There the future's clarion calls
Greet our eager listening ears!

Ye who e'er shall dwell here, come
From the passing throngs of men,
Follow down the westward path,
And sing the Song of Darien!

When all the people have gone, America, Connecticut and the other States ride out after them by the wood-road, leaving only the Man and his family, the Angels and the Spirits. The Spirits retire back into the woods and to the water. The Angel leads the Man and his family up the hill, the way they went in the Introduction. the other Angels also accompanying them. As they disappear, the Tide with all her Water Spirits washes up over the field and back again out to sea.

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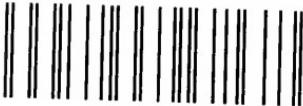


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